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THE KNIGHTS
OF
ARISTOPHANES

THE KNIGHTS OF ARISTOPHANES

ACTED AT ATHENS AT THE LENAEEAN FESTIVAL

B.C. 424

TRANSLATED INTO CORRESPONDING METRES

BY

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INTRODUCTION

ARISTOPHANES won the prize with this Comedy at the Lenaeon festival in the year B.C. 424, the unsuccessful competitors being Cratinus and Aristomenes.

The startling events which occurred at Pylus and Sphacteria during the preceding autumn had elevated Cleon, the Athenian demagogue, to an unexampled height of power and popularity. It is true that the entire merit belonged to Demosthenes, the Athenian general, who had designed and executed the enterprise, and brought it to its successful conclusion. But the dramatic descent of the unwarlike demagogue to the camp just as Demosthenes was on the point of delivering the final assault, and the consequent fulfilment of his promise to bring the Spartans as prisoners to Athens within twenty days, naturally dazzled the imagination of the Athenian populace, and the entire credit of the transaction was by them awarded to Cleon, and to *him* were granted the honours due to a benefactor of the state, the daily banquet in the Town Hall, and the front seat in the theatre.

The Lenaeon festival would be the first occasion on which he would enjoy the latter privilege. Here were assembled all the citizens of Athens, and the Demagogue

sitting in the front row of the auditorium would be attracting the attention of all beholders. This would surely, they would think, be the culmination of his glory, the proudest scene of his life. What must have been their amazement to hear the theatre ringing with a fearless attack upon the formidable demagogue, and indeed to find this very victory of Pylus again and again thrown in his teeth as a deed for which not he, but Demosthenes, deserved all the glory!

Nicias and Demosthenes are represented as having discovered a Sausage-seller, a fellow even more ignorant, more coarse, and more violent than the leather-seller (Cleon), and destined to drive him from his seat. The first part of the play is a mere "slanging-match" between the two rivals, and this is followed by their contest, first before the Council, and then before the Demus. Everywhere the Sausage-seller is victorious, and Cleon is finally condemned to sell sausages at the city gates, brawling with prostitutes and bathmen.

THE KNIGHTS

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

DEMUS, *the Athenian People*

PAPHLAGON, *the demagogue* CLEON.

NICIAS.

DEMOSTHENES.

THE SAUSAGE-SELLER.

CHORUS OF ATHENIAN KNIGHTS.

THE KNIGHTS

In the background are the usual three houses. The central house, with a harvest wreath suspended over the door, is the abode of DEMUS; whilst the others will presently be utilized for the purposes of PAPHLAGON and the SAUSAGE-SELLER. At the back of the scene, stretched from the revolving pillar on one side of the stage to the revolving pillar on the other, is a painted representation of the great Propylaea, the entrance to the Athenian Acropolis. Out of the house of DEMUS run two slaves, howling, and rubbing their limbs, as if they had just been receiving a severe castigation. Their masks are fashioned into portraits of the two famous Athenian generals, NICIAS and DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES.

O! O! This Paphlagon, with all his wiles,
This newly-purchased pest, I wish the Gods
Would "utterly abolish and destroy"!
For since he entered, by ill-luck, our house,
He's always getting all the household flogged.

NICIAS.

I wish they would, this chief of Paphlagons,
Him and his lies!

ARISTOPHANES

DEMOSTHENES.

Ha! how feel *you*, poor fellow?

NICIAS

Bad, like yourself

DEMOSTHENES.

Then come, and let us wail
A stave of old Olympus, both together.

BOTH. [*Sobbing.*]

Mumu! Mumu! Mumu! Mumu! Mumu!

DEMOSTHENES.

Pah! What 's the good of whimpering? Better far
To dry our tears, and seek some way of safety.

NICIAS.

Which way? You, tell me.

DEMOSTHENES.

Rather, tell me you,
Or else we'll fight.

NICIAS.

By Apollo, no not I.
You say it first, and then I'll say it after.

DEMOSTHENES.

O that thou said'st the thing that I would say.

NICIAS.

I've not the pluck. I wish I could suggest
Some plan in smart Euripidean style.

DEMOSTHENES.

Don't do it! Don't! Play don't be-chervil me,
But find some caper-cutting trick from master.

NICIAS.

Will you say *sert*, like that, speaking it crisply?

DEMOSTHENES.

Of course I'll say it, *sert*.

NICIAS.

Now, after *sert*

Say *de*.

DEMOSTHENES.

De.

NICIAS.

Yes, that's very nicely said.
Now, first say *sert*, and then say *de*, beginning
Slowly at first, but quickening as you go.

DEMOSTHENES.

Aye; *sert-de, sert-de, sert, de-sert*.

NICIAS.

There 'tis!

Do you not like it?

DEMOSTHENES.

Like it, yes, but—

NICIAS.

What?

DEMOSTHENES.

There 's an uncanny sound about *desert*.

NICIAS.

Uncanny? How?

DEMOSTHENES.

They flog deserters so.

NICIAS.

O then 'twere better that we both should go, 30
And fall before the statues of the Gods.

DEMOSTHENES.

Stat-at-ues is it? What, do you really think
That there *are* Gods?

NICIAS.

I know it

DEMOSTHENES.

Know it! How?

NICIAS.

I'm such a wretched God-detested chap.

DEMOSTHENES

Well urged indeed; but seek some other way.
Would you I told the story to the audience?

NICIAS.

Not a bad plan; but let us ask them first
To show us plainly by their looks and cheer
If they take pleasure in our words and acts.

THE KNIGHTS

7

DEMOSTHENES.

I'll tell them now. We two have got a master, 40
 Demus of Pnyx-borough, such a sour old man,
 Quick-tempered, country-minded, bean-consuming,
 A trifle hard of hearing. Last new moon
 He bought a slave, a tanner, Paphlagon,
 The greatest rogue and liar in the world.
 This tanning-Paphlagon, he soon finds out
 Master's weak points; and cringing down before him
 Flatters, and fawns, and wheedles, and cajoles,
 With little apish leather-snippings, thus;
O Demus, try one case, get the three-obol, 50
Then take your bath, gorge, guzzle, eat your fill.
Would you I set your supper? Then he'll seize
 A dish some other servant has prepared,
 And serve it up for master; and quite lately
 I'd baked a rich Laconian cake at Pylus,
 When in runs Paphlagon, and bags my cake,
 And seives it up to Demus as his own.
 But us he drives away, and none but he
 Must wait on master; there he stands through dinner
 With leathern flap, and flicks away the speakers. 60
 And he chants oracles, till the dazed old man
 Goes Sibyl-mad, then, when he sees him mooning,
 He plies his trade. He slanders those within
 With downright lies; so then we're flogged, poor wretches,
 And Paphlagon runs round, extorting, begging,
 Upsetting every one; and *Mark*, says he,
There's Hylas flogged, that's all my doing; better
Make friends with me, or YOU'LL be trounced to-day.
 So then we bribe him off, or if we don't,
 We're sure to catch it thrice as bad from master. 70

Now let's excogitate at once, good fellow,
Which way to turn our footsteps, and to whom.

NICIAS.

There's nothing better than my *sert*, good fellow.

DEMOSTHENES.

But nought we do is hid from Paphlagon.
His eyes are everywhere; he straddles out,
One foot in Pylus, in the Assembly one.
So vast his stride, that at the self-same moment
His seat is in Chaonia, and his hands
Are set on Begging, and his mind on Theft.

NICIAS.

Well then, we had better die, but just consider 80
How we can die the manliest sort of death.

DEMOSTHENES.

The manliest sort of death? Let's see; which is it?

NICIAS.

Had we not better drink the blood of bulls?
'Twere fine to die Themistocles's death.

DEMOSTHENES.

Blood? no. pure wine, to the toast of a Happy Fortune!
From that we'll maybe get some happy thought.

NICIAS.

Pure wine indeed! Is this a tippling matter?
How can one get, when drunk, a happy thought?

DEMOSTHENES.

Aye, say you so, you water-fountain-twaddler?
And dare you rail at wine's inventiveness? 90
I tell you nothing has such go as wine.
Why, look you now; 'tis when men drink, they thrive,
Grow wealthy, speed their business, win their suits,
Make themselves happy, benefit their friends.
Go, fetch me out a stoup of wine, and let me
Moisten my wits, and utter something bright.

NICIAS.

O me, what good will all your tipping do?

DEMOSTHENES.

Much; bring it out, I'll lay me down awhile;
For when I'm drunk, I'll everything bespatter
With little scraps of schemes, and plots, and plans. 100

NICIAS.

I've got the wine; nobody saw me take it.
Wasn't that luck?

DEMOSTHENES.

What's Paphlagon about?

NICIAS.

Drunk! Snoring on his back amidst his hides,
The juggler; gorged with confiscation pasties.

DEMOSTHENES.

Come, tinkle out a bumper of pure wine,
To pour.

NICIAS.

Here, take; and pour to Happy Fortune
Quaff, quaff the loving-cup of PRAMNIAN Fortune.

DEMOSTHENES.

O Happy Fortune, thine's the thought, not mine!

NICIAS.

Pray you, what is it?

DEMOSTHENES.

Steal from Paphlagon,
While yet he sleeps, those oracles of his, 110
And bring them out.

NICIAS.

I will; and yet I'm fearful
That I may meet with most *unhappy* Fortune.

DEMOSTHENES.

Come now, I'll draw the pitcher to myself,
Moisten my wits, and utter something bright.

NICIAS.

Paphlagon's snoring so! He never saw me
I've got the sacred oracle which he keeps
So snugly.

DEMOSTHENES.

O you clever fellow you,
I'll read it; hand it over; you the while
Fill me the the cup Let's see; what have we here?
O! Prophecies! Give me the cup directly. 120

THE KNIGHTS

11

NICIAS.

Hÿre ! What do they say ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Fill me another cup.

NICIAS.

Fill me another ? Is that really there ?

DEMOSTHENES.

O Bakis !

NICIAS.

Well ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Give me the cup directly.

NICIAS.

Bakis seems mighty partial to the cup.

DEMOSTHENES.

O villainous Paphlagon, this it was you feared,
This oracle about yourself !

NICIAS.

What is it ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Herein is written how himself shall perish

NICIAS

How shall he ?

DEMOSTHENES.

How? The oracle says straight out,
That first of all there comes an oakum-seller
Who first shall manage all the State's affairs. 130

NICIAS.

One something-seller; well, what follows, pray?

DEMOSTHENES.

Next after him there comes a sheep-seller.

NICIAS.

Two something-sellers, what's this seller's fortune?

DEMOSTHENES.

He'll hold the reins, till some more villainous rogue
Arise than he; and thereupon he'll perish.
Then follows Paphlagon, our leather-seller,
Thief, brawler, roaring as Cycloborus roars.

NICIAS.

The leather-seller, then, shall overthrow
The sheep-seller.

DEMOSTHENES.

He shall.

NICIAS.

O wretched me,
Is there no other something-seller left? 140

DEMOSTHENES.

There is yet one; a wondrous trade *he* has.

NICIAS.

What, I beseech you ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Shall I tell you ?

NICIAS.

Aye.

DEMOSTHENES.

A sausage-seller ousts the leather-seller.

NICIAS.

A sausage-seller ! Goodness, what a trade !
Wherever shall we find one ?

DEMOSTHENES.

That's the question.

NICIAS

Why here comes one, 'tis providential surely,
Bound for the agora.

DEMOSTHENES.

Hi, come hither ! here !
You dearest man, you blessed sausage-seller !
Arise, a Saviour to the State and us.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Eh ! What are you shouting at ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Come here this instant, 15c
And hear your wonderful amazing luck.

NICIAS

Make him put down his dresser; tell him all
The news about the oracle we've got.
I'll keep an eye on Paphlagon the while

DEMOSTHENES.

Come, put you down those cookery implements,
Then make your reverence to the Gods and earth,—

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

There! what's the row?

DEMOSTHENES.

O happy man, and rich,
Nothing to-day, to-morrow everything!
O mighty ruler of Imperial Athens!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Good fellow, let me wash the guts, and sell
My sausages. What need to flout me so? 160

DEMOSTHENES.

You`fool! the guts indeed! Now look you here
You see those people on the trets?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I do.

DEMOSTHENES.

You shall be over-lord of all those people,
The Agora, and the Harbours, and the Pnyx.
You'll trim the Generals, trample down the Council,
Fetter, imprison, make the Hall your brothel.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What, I?

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, you yourself! And that's not all.
For mount you up upon the dresser here
And view the islands lying all around.

170

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I see.

DEMOSTHENES

And all the marts and merchant-ships?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I see.

DEMOSTHENES.

And aren't you then a lucky man?
And *that's* not all. Just cast your eyes askew,
The right to Caria, and the left to Carthage.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

A marvellous lucky man, to twist my neck!

DEMOSTHENES.

Nay, but all these shall be your—perquisites.
You shall become, this oracle declares,
A Man most mighty!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Humbug! How can I,
A sausage-selling chap, become a Man? 1

DEMOSTHENES.

Why, that's the very thing will make you great. 180
You rogues, impudence, and agora-training.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I am not worthy of great power, methinks

DEMOSTHENES.

O me, not worthy! what's the matter now?
You've got, I fear, some good upon your conscience.
Spring you from gentlemen?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

By the powers, not I.
From downright blackguards.

DEMOSTHENES.

Lucky, lucky man,
✓ O what a start you've got for public life.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But I know nothing, friend, beyond my letters,
And even of them but little, and that badly.

DEMOSTHENES.

The mischief is that you know ANYTHING. 190
To be a Demus-leader is not now
For lettered men, nor yet for honest men,
But for the base and ignorant. Don't let slip
The bright occasion which the Gods provide you.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

How goes the oracle?

DEMOSTHENES.

Full of promise good,
Wrapped up in cunning enigmatic words.
NAY, BUT IF ONCE THE EAGLE, THE BLACK-TANNED
MANDIBLE-CURVER,
SEIZE WITH HIS BEAK THE SERPENT, THE DULLARD, THE
DRINKER OF LIFE-BLOOD,
THEN SHALL THE SHARP SOUR BRINE OF THE PAPHLAGON-
TRIBE BE EXTINGUISHED,
THEN TO THE ENTRAIL-SELLERS SHALL GOD GREAT GLORY
AND HONOUR 200
RENDER, UNLESS THEY ELECT TO CONTINUE THE SALE OF
THE SAUSAGE.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But what in the world has this to do with me?

DEMOSTHENES.

The black-tanned Eagle, that means Paphlagon.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And what the mandibles?

DEMOSTHENES.

That's self-evident.
His fingers, crooked to carry off their prey.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What does the Serpent mean?

DEMOSTHENES.

That's plainer still.

A serpent's long, a sausage too is long.
Serpents drink blood, and sausages drink blood.
The Serpent then, it says, shall overcome
The black-tanned Eagle, if it's not talked over.

210

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I like the lines: but how can I, I wonder,
Contrive to manage Demus's affairs.

DEMOSTHENES.

Why nothing's easier. Do what now you do.
Mince, hash, and mash up everything together.
Win over Demus with the savoury sauce
Of little cookery phrases. You've already
Whatever else a Demagogue requires,
A brutal voice, low birth, an agora training,
Why you've got all one wants for public life.
The Pythian shrine and oracles concur.
Crown, crown your head; pour wine to mighty—Dulness,
Prepare to fight the man.

220

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But what ally
Will stand beside me, for the wealthy men
Tremble before him, and the poor folk blench.

DEMOSTHENES.

A thousand Knights, all honest men and true,
Detest the scoundrel, and will help the cause;
And whosoe'er is noblest in the State,

And whosoe'er is brightest in the tiers,
And I myself. And God will lend his aid.
And fear him not, he is not pictured really, 230
For all the mask-providers feared to mould
His actual likeness; but our audience here
Are shrewd and bright; they'll recognize the man.

NICIAS.

Mercy upon us! here comes Paphlagon.

PAPHLAGON.

By the Twelve Gods, you two shall pay for this,
Always conspiring, plotting ill to Demus!
What's this Chalcidian goblet doing here?
Hah! ye're inciting Chalcis to revolt.
Villains and traitors! ye shall die the death

*[The SAUSAGE-SELLER, daunted by the dreadful voice
and terrible threats of PAPHLAGON, turns to
flee.]*

DEMOSTHENES. *[To SAUSAGE-SELLER.]*

Hi! where are you off to? stop! For goodness sake, 240
Don't fail us now, most doughty Sausage-seller!

*[The CHORUS are now heard approaching the or-
chestra at full speed.]*

Hasten up, my gallant horsemen, now's the time you're
to fight.

Now then Simon, now Panaetius, charge with fury on
the right.

Here they're coming! Worthy fellow, wheel about, com-
mence the fray,

Which is ripe, and which is ripening, which is very crude
and dry. 260
Find you one of easy temper, mouth agape, and vacant
look,
Back from Cheisonese you bring him, grasp him firmly, fix
your hook,
Twist his shoulder back and, glibly, gulp the victim down
at once.
And you search amongst the townsmen for some lambkin-
witted dunce,
Wealthy, void of tricks and malice, shuddering at disputes
and fuss.

PAPHLAGON.

You assail me too, my masters? 'tis for you they beat me
thus;
'Tis because I thought of moving that 'twere proper here
to make
Some memorial of your worships for your noble valour's
sake.

CHORUS

Hear him trying to cajole us! O the supple-bending
sneak, 269
Playing off his tricks upon us, as on dotards old and weak.
Nay, but there my arm shall smite him if to pass you there
he seek;
If he dodge in this direction, here against my leg he butts.

PAPHLAGON

Athens! Demus! see the monsters, see them punch me in
the guts.

CHORUS.

Shouting, are you? you who always by your shouts subvert the town.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But in this I'll first surpass him; thus I shout the fellow down.

CHORUS.

If in bawling you defeat him, sing we ho! for Victory's sake.

If in shamelessness you beat him, then indeed we take the cake.

PAPHLAGON.

I denounce this smuggling fellow; contraband of war he takes
For the Peloponnesian galleys, frapping them with—
girdle-cakes.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I denounce this juggling fellow; at the Hall, from day to
day,

In he runs with empty belly, with a full one hies away

CHORUS.

Fish, and flesh, and bread exporting, and a hundred things
like these,

Contraband of peace, which never were allowed to Pericles.

PAPHLAGON.

Death awaits you at once, you two.

THE KNIGHTS

23

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Thrice as loud can I squall as you.

PAPHLAGON.

Now will I bawl you down by bawling.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Now will I squall you down by squalling.

PAPHLAGON.

Lead our armies, and I'll backbite you.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I'll with dog-whips slash you and smite you.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll outwit you by fraud and lying.

290

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I'll your pettitoes chop for frying.

PAPHLAGON.

Now unblinking regard me, you.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I was bred in the agora too.

PAPHLAGON.

Say but g-r-r, and to strips I'll tear you.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Speak one word, and as dung I'll bear you

PAPHLAGON.

I confess that I steal. Do you?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Agora Heimes! yes, I do
If I'm seen, I'm a perjurer too.

PAPHLAGON

Somebody else's tricks you're vaunting;
Now to the Prytanes off I'll run, 300
Tell them you've got some holy pig-guts,
Tell them you've paid no tithe thereon.

CHORUS.

O villain, O shameless of heart,
O Bawler and Brawler self-seeking,
The land, the Assembly, the Tolls,
are all with thine impudence reeking,
And the Courts, and the actions at law;
they are full unto loathing and hate!
Thou stirrest the mud to its depths, 310
perturbing the whole of the State.
Ruffian, who hast deafened Athens with thine everlasting
din,
Watching from the rocks the tribute, tunny-fashion, shoal-
ing in.

PAPHLAGON.

Well I know the very quarter where they cobbled up
the plot.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You're a knowing hand at cobbling, else in mincing meat
I'm not;
You who cheated all the rustics with a flabby bullock-
hide,
Cutting it aslant to make it look like leather firm and
dried;
In a day, the shoes you sold them wobbled half a foot
too wide

NICIAS.

That 's the very trick the rascal played the other day on
me,
And my friends and fellow burghers laughed with undis-
sembled glee, 320
I was swimming in my slippers ere I got to Pergasæ.

CHORUS.

So then thou hast e'en from the first that shameless bravado
displayed
Which alone is the Orators' Patron. And foremost of all
by its aid
Thou the wealthy strangers milkest, draining off their rich
supplies,
And the son of Hippodamus watches thee with streaming
eyes.
Ah, but another has dawned on us now,
Viler and fouler and coarser than thou,
Viler and fouler and coarser by far,
One who'll beat thee and defeat thee (therefore jubilant
we are), 330
Beat thee in jackanapes tricks and rascality,
Beat thee in impudence, cheek, and brutality.

O trained where Men are trained who best deserve that
appellation,
Now show us of how little worth is liberal education.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

The sort of citizen he is, I'll first expose to view.

PAPHLAGON.

Give *me* precedence.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

No, by Zeus, for I'm a blackguard too.

CHORUS.

And if to that he yield not, add "as all my fathers were "

PAPHLAGON.

Give *me* precedence.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

No, by Zeus.

PAPHLAGON.

O yes, by Zeus.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I swear
I'll fight you on that very point, you never *shall* be first.

PAPHLAGON.

O, I shall burst.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You never shall.

CHORUS.

O let him, let him burst.

PAPHLAGON.

How dare you try in speech to vie with me ? On what-
rely you ?

SAUSAGE-SELIER.

Why I can speak first-rate, and eke with piquant sauce
supply you.

PAPHLAGON.

O speak you can ! and you're the man, I warrant, who is
able

A mangled mess full well to dress, and serve it up to table
I know your case, the common case ; against some alien
folk

You had some petty suit to plead, and fairly well you spoke.
For oft you'd conned the speech by night, and in the
streets discussed it,

And, quaffing water, shown it off, and all your friends
disgusted.

Now you're an orator, you think. O fool, the senseless
thought !

350

SAUSAGE-SELLER

Pray what's the draught which you have quaffed that
Athens you have brought

Tongue-wheeled by yourself alone to sit so mute and
still.

PAPHLAGON.

Who to compare with ME will dare ? I'll eat my tunny
grill,
And quaff thereon a stoup of wine which water shall not
touch,
And then with scurrilous abuse the Pylian generals smutch.

SAUSAGE-SELLER

I'll eat the paunch of cow and swine, and quaff thereon
their stew,
And rising from the board with hands which water never
knew
✓ I'll throttle all the orators, and flutter Nicias too.

CHORUS.

With all beside I'm satisfied, but one thing likes me not,
You speak as if you ate alone whatever stew you've got

PAPHLAGON.

You'll not consume your basse and then Miletus bring to
grief. 361

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But mines I'll purchase when I've first devoured my ribs
of beef.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll leap the Council-chamber in, and put them all to rout.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

✓ I'll treat you like a sausage-skin, and twirl your breech about

PAPHLAGON.

I'll hoist you by your crupper up, and thrust you through
the gate, (sir) ¶

•
DEMOSTHENES

If him you thrust, me too you must ; you must as sure
as fate, sir.

PAPHLAGON.

Your feet in the stocks I'll fix full tight.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And you for your cowardice I'll indict.

PAPHLAGON.

Outstretched on my board your hide I'll pin.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

"Pickpocket's purse " I'll make your skin. 370

PAPHLAGON.

Your limbs on the tanhouse floor I'll stake.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Your flesh into force-meat balls I'll bake.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll twitch the lashes off both your eyes.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I'll cut your gizzard out, poulterer-wise.

DEMOSTHENES.

Prop open his mouth with all your strength ,
Insert the extender from jaw to jaw ,
Pull out his tongue to its utmost length,
And, butcher-fashion, inspect his maw,

CHORUS.

O see how he brazens it out ! The colour remains as
before

In his shameless impudent face And O, if I hate you
not sore, 399

Let me be a filthy sheepskin, that whereon Cratinus lay,
Or let Morsimus instruct me as the Chorus to his Play.

Thou in all places, and thou at all hours,
Flitting and sitting in blue-berry flowers,
Sucking and sipping the gold they contain,
Mayst thou lightly, as 'twas swallowed, cast thy mouthful
up again.

Then will I ever the roundelay sing
Drink for the luck which the Destinies bring,
And old Iulus's son, the punter Pytanean,
For joy will "Bacche-Bacchus" shout, and chant his Io-
Paeon.

PAPHLAGON.

Think you in shamelessness to win ? No, by Poseidon, no !
Or may I evermore the feasts of Agoria Zeus forego. 410

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Now by the knuckles which in youth would discipline
my head,
And those hard-handed butchers' knives they often used
instead,
I think in shamelessness I'll win, else vainly in the slums
Have I to such a bulk been reared on finger-cleaning
crumbs.

PAPHLAGON.

On finger-pellets like a dog ? And reared on these, you
seek

To fight a dog-faced fierce baboon ! I marvel at your cheek.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And lots of other monkey-tricks I practised as a boy.
O how I used to chouse the cooks by shrieking out *Ahoy !*
Look lads, a swallow ! spring is here. Look up, look up, I pray
So up they looked whilst I purloined a piece of meat
away. 420

CHORUS.

Shrewd body, you were provident, and stole away your
meat

Before the vernal swallow came, as folk their nettles eat.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And no one caught me out, or else, if any saw me pot it,
I clapped the meat between my thighs and vowed I hadn't
got it ;

Whereat an orator observed, who watched me at my tricks,
Some day this boy will make his mark as leader in the Pnyx

CHORUS.

His inference was just ; but still 'tis plain from whence
he drew it ;

He saw you filch the meat away, and swear you didn't
do it.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll stop your insolence, my man ; your friend's and yours
together.

I'll swoop upon you like a gale of fresh and stormy weather,
And all the land and all the sea in wild confusion throw.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But I will furl my sausages, and down the tide will go
With prosperous seas, and favouring bleeze, at you my
fingers snapping. 433

DEMOSTHENES.

And if your bark a leak should spring, the water I'll be
tapping.

PAPHLAGON.

Full many a talent have you filched, and dearly shall you
pay,
You public-treasury thief!

CHORUS.

Look out, and slack the sheet away,
I hear a loud Nor'-Easter there or Sycophanter blow.

PAPHLAGON.

From Potidaca you received ten talents, that I know.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Will you take one, and hold your tongue.

CHORUS.

He'd take it like a shot.
Let out the yard-arm ropes a bit.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

The gale has milder got. 440
The stormy blast is falling fast.

ARISTOPHANES

PAPHLAGON.

You'll have, for bribery and deceit,
Four hundred-talent writs to meet.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And you, for cowardliness a score,
For theft a thousand writs and more.

PAPHLAGON.

From that old sacrilegious race
I'll say that your descent you trace.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Your father's father marched, I'll swear,
As body-guard to—

PAPHLAGON.

Whom? Declare!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

To Hippias's Byrsine.

PAPHLAGON.

You jackanapes!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You gallows-tree!

45^c

CHORUS.

Strike like a man!

PAPHLAGON.

O help me! Oh!
These plotting traitors hurt me so.

CHORUS.

Strike, strike him, well and manfully,
 And with those entails beat him,
 And strings of sausage-meat, and try
 Meet punishment to mete him

O noblest flesh in all the world, O spirit best and dearest,
 To City and to citizens a Saviour thou appearest.
 How well and with what varied skill thou foil'st him in
 debate!

O would that I could praise you so, as our delight is great.

PAPHLAGON.

Now, by Demeter, it escaped me not 461
 That these same plots were flaming, well I knew
 How they were pegged, and fixed, and glued together

CHORUS.

O, me! [To SAUSAGE-SELLER.
 Can't *you* say something from the cartwright's trade?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

These Argos doings have escaped me not.
 He goes, he says, to make a friend of Argos,
 But 'tis with Sparta he's colloquing there.
 Aye and I know the anvil whereupon -
 His plan is forged: 'tis welded on the captives.

CHORUS.

Good! good! return him welding for his glue. 470

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And men from thence are hammering at it too.
 And not by bribes of silver or of gold

Or sending friends, will you persuade me not
To tell the Athenians how you are going on.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll go this instant to the Council-board,
And all your vile conspiracies denounce,
And all your nightly gatherings in the town,
And how you plotted with the Medes and King,
And all your cheese-pressed doings in Boeotia

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Pray, how 's cheese selling in Boeotia now? 420

PAPHLAGON

I'll stretch you flat, by Heracles I will. [Exit

CHORUS.

Now then, what mean you? what are you going to do?
Now shall you show us if in very truth
You stole the meat and hid it as you said.
So to the Council-house you'll run, for he
Will burst in thither, and against us all
Utter his lies and bawl a mighty bawl.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Well, I will go; but first I'll lay me down
Here, as I am, these guts and butchers' knives.

DEMOSTHENES.

Here take this ointment and anoint your neck, 490
So can you slip more easily through his lies.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Well now, that's good and trainer-like advice.

DEMOSTHENES.

And next, take this and swallow it.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What for?

DEMOSTHENES.

Why, if you are garlic-pimmed, you'll fight much better.
And now begone.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I'm off.

DEMOSTHENES.

And don't forget

To peck, to lie, to gobble down his combs,
And bite his wattles off. That done, return.

[*The SAUSAGE-SELLER goes off with his friends, and
the CHORUS, after wishing them good luck,
turn to the audience and commence the Para-
basis.*]

CHORUS.

Good-bye and good speed may your daring succeed,
And Zeus of the Agora help you in need
May you conquer in fight, and return to our sight 500
A Victor triumphant with garlands bedight.

But YE to our anapaests listen the while,
And give us the heed that is due,
Ye wits, who the Muse of each pattern and style
Yourselves have attempted to woo.

If one of the old-fashioned Comedy-bards had our services
sought to impress,
And make us before the spectators appear, to deliver the
public address,

He would not have easily gained us; but now, with pleasure
we grant the request
Of a poet who ventures the truth to declare, and detests
what we also detest, 510
And against the Tornado and Whirlwind, alone, with
noble devotion advances.
But as for the question that puzzles you most, so that
many inquire how it chances
That he never a Chorus had asked for himself, or attempted
in person to vie,
On this we've commissioned his views to explain, and this
is the Poet's reply,
That 'twas not from folly he lingered so long, but discern-
ing by shrewd observation
That Comedy-Chorus-instruction is quite the most difficult
thing in creation.
For out of the many who courted the Muse she has granted
her favours to few,
While e'en as the plants that abide but a year, so shifting
and changeful are you;
And the Poets who flourished before him, he saw, ye were
wont in their age to betray.
Observing the treatment which Magnes received when his
hair was besprinkled with grey, 520
Than whom there was none more trophies had won in
the fields of dramatic display.
All voices he uttered, all forms he assumed, the Lydian,
the fig-piercing Fly,
The Harp with its strings, the Bird with its wings, the Frog
with its yellow-green dye.
Yet all was too little; he failed in the end, when the
freshness of youth was gone by,
—

And at last in his age he was hissed from the stage when
 lost was his talent for jeering.
 Then he thought of Cratinus who flowed through the
 plains 'mid a tumult of plaudits and cheering;
 And sweeping on all that obstructed his course, with a
 swirl from their stations he tore them,
 Oaks, rivals, and planes; and away on his flood uprooted
 and prostrate he bore them.
 And never a song at a banquet was sung but *Doro fig-
 sandaled and true*,
 Or *Framers of terse and artistical verse*, such a popular poet
 he grew. 530
 Yet now that he drivels and dotes in the streets, and Time
 of his ambers has reft him,
 And his framework is gaping asunder with age, and his
 strings and his music have left him,
 No pity ye show; no assistance bestow, but allow him to
 wander about
 Like Connas, with coronal withered and sere, and ready
 to perish with drought;
 Who ought for his former achievements to DRINK in the
 Hall, nor be laid on the shelf,
 But to sit in the Theatre shining and bright, beside
 Dionysus himself.
 And then he remembered the stormy rebuffs which Crates
 endured in his day,
 Who a little repast at a little expense would provide
 you, then send you away;
 Who the daintiest little devices would cook from the driest
 of mouths for you all;
 Yet he, and he only held out to the end, now standing, now
 getting a fall. 540

So in fear of these dangers he lingered; besides, a sailor,
he thought, should abide
And tug at the oar for a season, before he attempted the
vessel to guide,
And next should be stationed awhile at the prow, the
winds and the weather to scan,
And then be the Pilot, himself for himself. So seeing our
Poet began
In a mood so discreet, nor with vulgar conceit rushed
headlong before you at first,
Loud surges of praise to his honour upraise, salute him,
all hands, with a burst
Of hearty triumphant Lenæan applause,
That the bard may depart, all radiant and bright
To the top of his forehead with joy and delight,
Having gained, by your favour, his cause. 550

Dead Poseidon, the Hoiseman's King,
Thou who lovest the brazen clash,
Clash and neighing of warlike steeds;
Pleased to watch where the trireme speeds
Purple-beaked, to the oar's long swing,
Winning glory (and pay); but chief
Where bright youths in their chariots flash
Racing (coming perchance to grief),
Cronus's son,
Throned on Geraestus and Sunium bold,
Swaying thy dolphins with trident of gold, 560
Come, O come, at the call of us;
Dearest to Phormio thou,
Yea and dearest to all of us,
Dearest to all of us now.

Let us praise our mighty fathers, men who ne'er would
quake or quail,
Worthy of their native country, worthy of Athene's veil,
Men who with our fleets and armies everywhere the
victory won,
And adorned our ancient city by achievements nobly done.
Never stayed they then to reckon what the numbers of
the foe,
At the instant that they saw him, all their thought was
At him go! 570
If they e'er in desperate struggling on their shoulder
chanced to fall,
Quick they wiped away the dust-mark, swore they ne'er
were thrown at all,
Closed again in deadly grapple. None of all our generals
brave
Then had stooped a public banquet from Cleaenetus to
crave.
Now unless ye grant them banquets, grant precedence
as their right,
They will fight no more, they tell you. *Our* ambition is
to fight
Freely for our Gods and country, as our fathers fought
before,
No reward or pay receiving; asking this and nothing more,
When returning Peace shall set us free from all our war-
like toil,
Grudge us not our flowing inglets, grudge us not our
baths and oil. 580

Holy Pallas, our guardian Queen,
Ruling over the holiest land,

Land poetic, renowned, and strong,
 First in battle and first in song,
 Land whose equal never was seen,
 Come to prosper our Choral band!
 Bring thou with thee the Maiden bright,
 Her who greets us in every fight,
 VICTORY!

She in the choir-competition abides with us,
 Always against our antagonists sides with us. 590
 Come, great Goddess, appear to us,
 Now, if ever, we pray,
 Bring thou victory dear to us,
 Crown thine Horsemen to-day.

What we witnessed with our horses we desire to eulogize.
 Worthy they of praise and honour! many a deed of high
 emprise,
 Many a raid and battle-onset they with us have jointly
 shared.
 Yet their feats ashore surprise not, with their feats afloat
 compared,
 When they bought them cans and garlic, bought them
 strings of onions too,
 Leapt at once aboard the transports, all with manful hearts
 and true, 600
 Took their seats upon the benches, dipped their oar-blades
 in the sea,
 Pulled like any human beings, neighing out their *Hippapae!*
Pull my hearties, pull your strongest, don't be shirking,
Sigma-brand!
 Then they leapt ashore at Corinth, and the youngest of
 the band

Hollowed with their hoofs their couches or for bedding
searched about.

And they fed on crabs, for clover, if they met one
crawling out,

Or detected any lurking in the Ocean's deepest bed,
Till at length a crab of Corinth, so Theorus tells us, said.
*Hard it is, my Lord Poseidon, if the Knights we cannot flee
Even in the depths of Ocean, anywhere by land or sea.* 610

*[The Parabasis is over, and the SAUSAGE-SELLER,
who at its commencement had just gone off
to try conclusions with PAPHLAGON before
the Council, now returns to the stage, and is
cordially welcomed by the CHORUS from the
orchestra]*

CHORUS.

Dearest of men, my lustiest, trustiest friend,
Good lack! how anxious has your absence made us!
But now that safe and sound you are come again,
Say what has happened, and how went the fight.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

How else but thus? The Council-victor I.

CHORUS.

Now may we, joyous, raise the song of sacred praise.
Fair the words you speak, but fairer
Are the deeds you do.
Far I'd go, This I know,
But to hear them through.
Now then tell us all the story,

All that, where you went, befell;
 Fearless be, Sure that we
 All delight in all you tell.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Aye, and 'tis worth the hearing. When behind him
 I reached the Council-chamber, there was he
 Crashing and dashing, hurling at the Knights
 Strange wonder-working thunder-driving words,
 Calling them all, with all-persuading force,
 CONSPIRATORS! And all the Council, hearing,
 Grew full of lying orach at his talk, 630
 Wore mustard looks, and puckered up their brows.
 So when I saw them taking in his words,
 Gulled by his knavish tricks, *Ye Gods*, said I,
Ye Gods of knavery, Skitals, and Phenaces,
And ye Beresceths, Cobals, Mothon, and
Thou Agora, whence my youthful training came,
Now give me boldness and a ready tongue
And shameless voice! And as I pondered thus,
 I heard a loud explosion on my right,
 And made my reverence; then I dashed apart 640
 The railing-wicket, opened wide my mouth,
 And cried aloud, *O Council, I have got*
Some lovely news which first I bring to you.
For never, never, since the War broke out,
Have I seen pilchards cheaper than to-day.
 They calmed their brows and grew serene at once,
 And crowned me for my news, and I suggested,
 Bidding them keep it secret, that forthwith,
 To buy these pilchards, many for a penny,
 'Twere best to seize the cups in all the shops. 650

They clapped their hands, and turned agape to me.
But Paphlagon perceived, and well aware
What kind of measures please the Council best,
Proposed a resolution; *Sirs*, quoth he,
I move that for these happy tidings brought,
One hundred beeves be offered to Athene.
The Council instantly inclined to him.
So, overpowered with cow-dung, in a trice
I overshot him with *two hundred beeves*.
And *vow*, said I, *to slay to-morrow morn,*
If pilchards sell one hundred for an obol,
A thousand she-goats to our huntress Queen.
Back came their heads, expectantly, to me.
He, dazed at this, went babbling idly on;
So then the Prytanes and the Archers seized him.
And *they* stood up, and raved about the pilchards;
And *he* kept begging them to wait awhile
And hear the tale the Spartan Envoy brings;
He has just arrived about a peace, shrieked he.
But all the Council with one voice exclaimed,
What! NOW about a peace? No doubt, my man,
Now they've heard pilchards are so cheap at Athens!
We want no truces, let the War go on!
With that, *Dismiss us, Prytanes!* shouted they;
And overleaped the railings everywhere.
And I slipped out, and purchased all the leeks
And all the coriander in the market,
And as they stood perplexed, I gave them all
Of my free bounty garnish for their fish
And they so praised and purred about me, that
With just one obol's worth of coriander
I've all the Council won, and here I am.

660

670

680

CHORUS.

What rising men should do Has all been done by you
 He, the rascal, now has met a
 Bigger rascal still,
 Full of guile Plot and wile
 Full of knavish skill.
 Mind you carry through the conflict
 In the same undaunted guise.
 Well you know Long ago
 We're your faithful true allies.

690

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

See here comes Paphlagon, driving on before him
 A long ground-swell, all fuss and fury, thinking
 To drink me up. Boh ! for your impudent bluster.

PAPHLAGON.

O if I've any of my old lies left,
 And don't destroy you, may I fall to bits !

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I like your threats ; I'm wonderfully tickled
 To hear you fume ; I skip and cuckoo around you.

PAPHLAGON.

O by Demeter, if I eat you not
 Out of the land, I'll never live at all.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You won't ? Nor I, unless I drink you up,
 And swill you up, and burst myself withal.

700

PAPHLAGON.

I'll crush you, by my Pylus-won precedence.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Precedence, is it? I'm in hopes to see you
In the last tier, instead of here in front.

PAPHLAGON.

By Heaven, I'll clap you in the public stocks.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

How fieice it's growing! what would it like to eat?
What is its favourite dainty? Money-bags?

PAPHLAGON.

I'll tear your guts out with my nails, I will.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I'll scratch your Town Hall dinners out, I will.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll hale you off to Demus, then you'll catch it. 710

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Nay, I'll hale *you*, and then out-slander you.

PAPHLAGON.

Alack, poor chap, he pays no heed to you,
But I can fool him to my heart's content.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

How sure you seem that Demus is your own!

PAPHLAGON.

Because I know the tit-bits he prefeis

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And feed him badly as the nurses do.
You chew, and pop a morsel in his mouth,
But thrice as much you swallow down yourself

PAPHLAGON.

And I'm so dexterous-handed, I can make
Demus expand, and then contract again.

720

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I can do that with many things, I trow.

PAPHLAGON.

'Twon't be like bearding me in the Council now!
No, come along to Demus.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Aye, why not?
I'm ready; march; let nothing stop us now.

PAPHLAGON.

O Demus, come out here.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O yes, by Zeus,
Come out, my father.

PAPHLAGON.

Dearest darling Demus,
Come out, and hear how they're illtreating me!

DEMUS

What's all this shouting ? go away, you fellows.
You've smashed my harvest-garland all to bits !
Who wrongs you, Paphlagon ?

PAPHLAGON.

He, and these young men, 730
Keep beating me because of you.

DEMUS.

Why so ?

PAPHLAGON.

Because I love you and adore you, Demus.

DEMUS. [*To SAUSAGE-SELLER.*]

And who are you ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

A rival for your love.

Long have I loved, and sought to do you good,
With many another honest gentleman,
But Paphlagon won't let us. You yourself,
Excuse me sir, are like the boys with lovers.
The honest gentlemen you won't accept,
Yet give yourself to lantern-selling chaps,
To sinew-stitchers, cobblers, aye, and tanners.

740

PAPHLAGON.

Because I am good to Demus.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Tell me how.

PAPHLAGON.

'Twas I slipped in before the general there
And sailed to Pylus, and brought back the Spartans

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And I walked round, and from the workshop stole
A mess of pottage, cooked by some one else

PAPHLAGON.

Come, make a full Assembly out of hand,
O Demus, do ; then find which loves you best,
And so decide, and give that man your love.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O Demus, do. Not in the Pnyx however.

DEMUS.

Aye, in the Pnyx, not elsewhere will I sit.
So forward all, move forward to the Pnyx.

750

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O luckless me, I'm ruined ! The old fellow
Is, when at home, the brightest man alive,
But once he sits upon this rock, he moons
With open mouth, as one who gapes for figs.

CHORUS.

Now loosen every hawser, now speed your bark along,
And mind your soul is eager, and mind your words are
strong,
No subterfuge admitting ; the man has many a trick

From hopeless things, in hopeless times, a hopeful course
to pick,
Upon him with a whirlwind's force, impetuous, fresh and
quick. 760
But keep on his movements a watch ; and be sure that
before he can deal you a blow,
You hoist to the mast your dolphins, and cast your vessel
alongside the foe.

PAPHLAGON.

To the Lady who over the city presides, to our mistress
Athene, I pray
If beyond all the rest I am stoutest and best, in the service
of Demus to-day,
Except Salabaccho, and Cynna the bold, and Lysicles—
then in the Hall
May I dine as of late at the cost of the State for doing
just nothing at all.
But O if I hate you, nor stride to the van to protect you
from woe and mishaps,
Then slay me, and flay me, and saw me to bits, to be cut
into martingale straps.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And I, if I love you not, Demus, am game to be slaughtered
by chopping and mincing,
And boiled in a sausage-meat pie ; and if THAT is, you
think, not entirely convincing, 770
Let me here, if you please, with a morsel of cheese, upon
this to a salad be grated,
Or to far Cerameicus be dragged through the streets with
my flesh-hook, and there be cremated.



PAPHLAGON.

O Demus, how can there be ever a man who loves you
as dearly as I?
When on *me* you relied your finances to guide, your
Treasury never was dry,
I was begging of these, whilst those I would squeeze and
rack to extort what was due,
And nought did I care how a townsman might fare, so
long as I satisfied you.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Why, Demus, there's nothing to boast of in that, to do
it I'm perfectly able.
I've only to steal from my comrade a meal, and serve it
up hot on your table.
And as for his loving and wishing you well, it isn't for
you that he cares,
Excepting indeed for the gain that he gets, and the snug
little fire that he shares. 780
Why you, who at Marathon fought with the Medes, for
Athens and Hellas contending,
And won the great battle, and left us a theme for our
songs and our speeches unending,
He cares not a bit that so roughly you sit on the rocks, nor
has dreamed of providing
Those seats with the thing I have stitched you and
bring. Just lift yourself up and subside in
This ease-giving cushion for fear you should gall what at
Salamis sat by the oar.

DEMUS.

Who are you? I opine you are sprung from the line of
Harmodius famous of yore;

'So noble and Demus-relieving an act I never have witnessed before !

PAPHLAGON.

O me, by what palt'y attentions and gifts you contrive to attract and delude him !

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

'Twas by baits that are smaller and poorer than mine, you rascal, you hooked and subdued him.

PAPHLAGON.

Was there ever a man since the City began who for
Demus has done such a lot, 790
Or fought for his welfare so stoutly as I ? I will wager my
head there is not.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You love him right well who permit him to dwell eight
years in the clefts of the City,
In the nests of the vulture, in turrets and casks, nor ever
assist him or pity,
But keep him in durance to rifle his hive, and that is the
reason, no doubt,
Why the peace which, unsought, Archeptolemus brought,
you were quick from the city to scout,
And as for the embassies coming to treat, you spanked
them and chivied them out.

PAPHLAGON.

That over all Hellas our Demus may rule ; for do not the
oracles say,

He will surely his verdicts in Arcady give, receiving five "
 obols a day,
 If he grow not aweary of fighting? Meanwhile, it is I who
 will nourish and pet him,
 And always the daily triobol he earns, unjustly or justly
 I'll get him. 800

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

No, not that o'er Arcady Demus may rule, but rather that
you might essay
 To harry and plunder the cities at will, while Demus is
 looking away,
 And the war with the haze and the dust that you raise is
 obscuring your actions from view,
 And Demus, constrained by his wants and his pay, is a
 gaping dependant on you.
 But if once to the country in peace he returns, away from
 all fighting and fusses,
 And strengthens his system with furmety there, and a
 confect of olive discusses,
 He will know to your cost what a deal he has lost, while
 the pay you allowed him he drew,
 And then, like a hunter, irate he will come on the trail of
 a vote against you.
 You know it; and Demus you swindle with dreams,
 crammed full of yourself and your praises.

PAPHLAGON.

It is really distressing to hear you presume to arraign with
 such scurrilous phrases 810
 Before the Athenians and Demus a man who more for the
 city has done

Than e'er by Demeter Themistocles did who glory un-
dying has won.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O city of Argos ! yourself would you match with mighty
Themistocles, him
Who made of our city a bumper indeed, though he found
her scarce filled to the brim,
Who, while she was lunching, Peiræus threw in, as a
dainty additional dish,
Who secured her the old, while providing untold and
novel assortments of fish ;
Whilst you, with your walls of partition forsooth, and
the oracle-chants which you hatch,
Would dwarf and belittle the city again, who yourself with
Themistocles match !
And *he* was an exile, but *you* upon crumbs Achillæan your
fingers are cleaning.

PAPHLAGON.

Now is it not monstrous that I must endure accusations
so coarse and unmeaning, 820
And all for the love that I bear you ?

DEMUS.

Forbear ! no more of your wangle and row !
Too long have your light-fingered tricks with my bread
my notice escaped until now. •

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

He's the vilest of miscreants, Demus, and works more
mischief than any, I vow.
While you're gaping about, he is picking from out
Of the juiciest audit the juiciest sprout,

And devours it with zest, while deep in the chest
 Of the public exchequer both hands are addressed
 To ladling out cash for himself, I protest.

PAPHLAGON.

All this you'll deplore when it comes to the fore
 That of drachmas you stole thirty-thousand or more.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Why make such a dash with your oar-blades, and thrash
 The waves into foam with your impotent splash? 831
 'Tis but fury and sound, and you'll shortly be found
 The worst of the toadies who Demus surround.
 And proof I will give, or I ask not to live,
 That a bribe by the Mitylenaeans was sent,
 Forty minas and more; to your pockets it went.

CHORUS.

O sent to all the nation a blessing and a boon!
 O wondrous flow of language! Fight thus, and you'll be
 soon
 The greatest man in Hellas, and all the State command,
 And rule our faithful true allies, a trident in your hand,
 Wherewith you'll gather stores of wealth, by shaking all
 the land. 840
 And if he lend you once a hold, then never let him go;
 With ribs like these you ought with ease to subjugate the
 foe.

PAPHLAGON.

O matters have not come to that, my very worthy friends!
 I've done a deed, a noble deed, a deed which so transcends
 All other deeds, that all my foes of speech are quite bereft,
 While any shred of any shield, from Pylus brought, is left.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Halt at those Pylian shields of yours! a lovely hold you're
lending
For if you really Demus love, what meant you by sus-
pending
Those shields with all their handles on, for action ready
strapped?
O Demus, there's a dark design within those handles
wrapped, 850
And if to punish him you seek, those shields will bar the
way.
You see the throng of tanner-lads he always keeps in pay,
And round them dwell the folk who sell their honey and
their cheeses;
And these are all combined in one, to do whate'er he
pleases.
And if the oyster-shelling game you seem inclined to play,
They'll come by night with all their might and snatch
those shields away,
And then with ease will run and seize the passes of—your
wheat.

DEMUS.

Oh, are the handles really there? You rascal, what deceit
Have you so long been practising that Demus you may
cheat? •

PAPHLAGON.

Pray don't be every speaker's gull, nor dream you'll ever
get 860
A better friend than I, who all conspiracies upset.

Alone I crushed them all, and now, if any plots are
brewing
Within the town, I scent them down, and raise a grand
hallooing

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O ay, you're like the fisher-folk, the men who hunt for
eels,
Who when the mere is still and clear catch nothing for
their creels,
But when they rout the mud about and stir it up and
down,
'Tis then they do; and so do you, when you perturb the
town.
But answer me this single thing. you sell a lot of leather,
You say you're passionately fond of Demus,—tell me
whether
You've given a clout to patch his shoes.

DEMUS.

No never, I declare 870

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You see the sort of man he is! but I, I've bought a pair
Of good stout shoes, and here they are, I give them you to
wear.

DEMUS.

O worthy, patriotic gift! I really don't suppose
There ever lived a man so kind to Demus and his toes.

PAPHLAGON.

'Tis shameful that a pair of shoes should have the power
 and might
 To put the favours I've conferred entirely out of sight,
 I who struck Gryttus from the lists, and stopped the boy-
 loves quite.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

'Tis shameful, I with truth retort, that you should love to
 pry
 Into such vile degrading crimes as that you name. And
 why?
 Because you fear 'twill make the boys for public speaking
 fit. 880
 But Demus, at his age, you see without a tunic sit,
 In winter too; and nought from you his poverty relieves,
 But here's a tunic I have brought, well-lined, with double
 sleeves.

DEMUS.

O, why Themistocles himself ne'er thought of such a vest!
 Peiraeus was a clever thing, but yet, I do protest,
 That on the whole, between the two, I like the tunic best.

PAPHLAGON. [To SAUSAGE-SELLER.]

Pah! would you circumvent me thus, with such an apish
 jest?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Nay, as one guest, at supper-time, will take another's
 shoes,
 When dire occasion calls him out, so I your methods use.

PAPHLAGON.

Fawn on: you won't outdo me there. I'll wrap him round
 about " 890
 With this of mine. Now go and whine, you rascal.

DEMUS.

Pheugh! get out!

[To PAPHLAGON's *wrapper*.

Go to the crows, you brute, with that disgusting smell of
 leather.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

He did it for the purpose, Sir; to choke you altogether.
 He tried to do it once before: don't you remember when
 A stalk of silphium sold so cheap?

DEMUS.

Remember? yes what then?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Why that was his contrivance too: he managed there
 should be a
 Supply for all to buy and eat; and in the Heliaea
 The dicasts one and all were seized with violent diarrhoca.

DEMUS.

O ay, a Coprolitish man described the sad affair.

SAUSAGE-SELLER

And worse and worse and worse you grew, till yellow-tailed
 you were. 900

DEMUS.

It must have been Pyrrhander's trick, the fool with
yellow hair.

PAPHLAGON [*To SAUSAGE-SELLER.*]

With what tomfooleries, you rogue, you harass and tor-
ment me.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Yes, 'tis with humbug I'm to win; for that the Goddess
sent me.

PAPHLAGON.

You shall not win! O Demus dear, be idle all the day,
And I'll provide you free, to swill, a foaming bowl of—
pay.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And I'll this gallipot provide, and healing cream within it;
Whereby the sores upon your shins you'll doctor in a
minute.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll pick these grey hairs neatly out, and make you young
and fair.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

See here; this hare-scut take to wipe your darling eyes with
care.

PAPHLAGON.

Vouchsafe to blow your nose, and clean your fingers on
my hair.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

No, no; on mine, on mine, on mine!

PAPHLAGON.

A trierarch's office you shall fill,
And by my influence I'll prevail
That you shall get, to test your skill,
A battered hull with tattered sail.
Your outlay and your building too
On such a ship will never end;
No end of work you'll have to do,
No end of cash you'll have to spend.

CHORUS.

O see how foamy-full he gets.
Good Heavens, he's boiling over, stay! 920
Some sticks beneath him draw away,
Bale out a ladleful of threats.

PAPHLAGON.

Rare punishment for this you'll taste,
I'll make the taxes weigh you down;
Amongst the wealthiest of the town
I'll manage that your name is placed.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I will not use a single threat;
I only most devoutly wish
That on your brazier may be set
A hissing pan of cuttle-fish; 930
And you the Assembly must address
About Miletus,—'tis a job

Which, if it meets entire success,
Will put a talent in your fob,—
And O that ere your feast begin,
The Assembly waits your friend may cry,
And yōu, afire the fee to win
And very loth to lose the fry,
May strive in greedy haste to swallow
The cuttles and be CHOKED thereby.

940

CHORUS.

Good! Good! by Zeus, Demeter, and Apollo.

DEMUS.

Aye, and in all respects he seems to me
A worthy citizen. When lived a man
So good to the Many (the Many for a penny)?
You, Paphlagon, pretending that you loved me,
Primed me with garlic. Give me back my ring;
You shall no more be steward.

PAPHLAGON.

Take the ring;
And be you sure, if I'm no more your guardian,
You'll get, instead, a greater rogue than I.

950.

DEMUS.

Bless me, this can't be mine, this signet-ring.
It's not the same device, it seems to me;
Or can't I see?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What's the device on yours?

DEMUS.

A leaf of beef-fat stuffing, roasted well.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

No, that's not here.

DEMUS.

What then?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

A cormorant

With open mouth haranguing on a rock.

DEMUS.

Pheugh!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What's the matter?

DEMUS.

Throw the thing away.

He's got Cleonymus's ring, not mine.

Take this from me, and you be steward now.

PAPHLAGON.

O not yet, master, I beseech, not yet;

960

Wait till you've heard my oracles, I pray.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And mine as well.

PAPHLAGON.

And if to *his* you listen,

You'll be a liquor-skin.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And if to *his*,
You'll find yourself severely circumcised.

PAPHLAGON.

Nay, mine foretell that over all the land
Thyself shalt rule, with roses garlanded.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And, mine that crowned, in spangled purple robe,
Thou in thy golden chariot shalt pursue
And sue the lady Smicythe and her lord.

PAPHLAGON.

Well, go and fetch them hither, so that *he* 970
May hear them.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Certainly ; and you fetch yours.

PAPHLAGON.

Here goes.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Here goes, by Zeus. There's nought to stop us.

[*The rivals run off to the houses on the right and
left of the abode of DEMUS, PAPHLAGON,
going into one and the SAUSAGE-SELLER into
the other.*]

CHORUS.

O bright and joyous day,
O day most sweet to all
Both near and far away,

The day of Cleon's fall.
 Yet in our Action-mart
 I overheard by chance
 Some ancient sires and tart
 This counter-plea advance, 980
 That but for him the State
 Two things had ne'er possessed.—
 A STIRRER-up of hate,
 A PESTLE of unrest.

His swine-bred music we
 With wondering hearts admire ;
 At school, his mates agree,
 He always tuned his lyre
 In Dorian style to play.
 His master wrathful grew ; 990
 He sent the boy away,
 And this conclusion drew,
This boy from all his friends
Donations seeks to wile,
His art begins and ends
In Dono-do-rian style.

[The rivals return, each staggering under a load of oracles, and professing that he has many more in his house.]

PAPHLAGON

Look at them, see! and there are more behind.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O what a weight! and there are more behind.

DEMUS.

What ARE they?

PAPHLAGON.
Oracles!

DEMUS.
All?

PAPHLAGON.
You seem surprised ;
By Zeus, I've got a chestful more at home. 1000

SAUSAGE-SELLER.
And I a garret and two cellars full

DEMUS.
Come, let me see. Whose oracles are these?

PAPHLAGON.
Mine are by Bakis.

DEMUS. [To SAUSAGE-SELLER.]
And by whom are yours?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.
Mine are by Glanis, Bakis's elder brother.

DEMUS.
What do they treat of?

PAPHLAGON.
Mine? Of Athens, Pylus,
Of you, of me, of every blessed thing.

DEMUS. [*To SAUSAGE-SELLER.*]

And you; of what treat yours?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Of Athens, pottage,
Of Lacedaemon, mackerel freshly caught,
Of swindling bailey-measurers in the mait,
Of you, of me. That nincompoop be hanged. 1010

DEMUS.

Well read them out; and prithee don't forget
The one I love to hear about myself,
That I'm to soar, an Eagle, in the clouds.

PAPHLAGON.

Now then give ear, and hearken to my words.
HEED THOU WELL, ERECHTHEIDES, THE ORACLE'S DRIFT,
WHICH APOLLO
OUT OF HIS SECRET SHRINE THROUGH PRICELESS TRIPODS
DELIVERED.
KEEP THOU SAFELY THE DOG, THY JAG-TOOTHED HOLY
PROTECTOR.
YAPPING BEFORE THY FEET, AND TERRIBLY ROARING TO
GUARD THEE,
HE THY PAY WILL PROVIDE: IF HE FAIL TO PROVIDE IT,
HE'LL PERISH;
YEA, FOR MANY THE DAWNS THAT ARE HATING AND
CAWING AGAINST HIM. 1020

DEMUS.

This, by Demeter, beats me altogether.
What does Erechtheus want with dawns and dog?

PAPHLAGON.

I am the dog. I bark aloud for you
And Phoebus bids you guard the dog; that's me.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

It says not that; but this confounded dog
Has gnawn the oracle, as he gnaws the door.
I've the right reading here about the dog.

DEMUS.

Let's hear; but first I'll pick me up a stone
Lest this dog-oracle take to gnawing *me*.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

HEED THOU WELL, ERECHTHEIDES, THE KIDNAPPING CER-
BERUS BAN-DOG; 1030
WAGGING HIS TAIL HE STANDS, AND' FAWNING UPON
THEE AT DINNER,
WAITING THY SLICE TO DEVOUR WHEN AUGHT DISTRACT
THINE ATTENTION.
SOON AS THE NIGHT COMES ROUND HE STEALS UNSEEN TO
THE KITCHEN
DOG-WISE; THEN WILL HIS TONGUE CLEAN OUT THE
PLATES AND THE—ISLANDS.

DEMUS.

Aye, by Poseidon, Glanis, that's far better.

PAPHLAGON.

Nay, listen first, my friend, and then decide.
WOMAN SHE IS, BUT A LION SHE'IL BEAR US IN ATHENS
THE HOLY;

ONE WHO FOR DEMUS WILL FIGHT WITH AN ARMY OF
STINGING MOSQUITOES,
FIGHT, AS IF SHIELDING HIS WHELPS ; WHOM SEE THOU
GUARD WITH DEVOTION,
BUILDING A WOODEN WALL AND AN IRON FORT TO SECURE
HIM.

1040

Do you understand ?

DEMUS.

By Apollo, no, not I.

PAPHLAGON.

The God, 'tis plain, would have you keep me safely,
For I'm a valiant lion, for your sake.

DEMUS.

What, you Antileon and I never knew it !

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

One thing he purposely informs you not,
What that oracular wall of wood and iron,
Where Loxias bids you keep him safely, is.

DEMUS.

What means the God ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

He means that you're to clap
Paphlagon in the five-holed pillory-stocks.

DEMUS.

I shouldn't be surprised if that came true.

1050

PAPHLAGON.

HEED NOT THE WORDS ; FOR JEALOUS THE CROWS THAT
ARE CROAKING AGAINST ME.
CHERISH THE LORDLY FALCON, NOR EVER FORGET THAT
HE BROUGHT THEE,
BROUGHT THEE IN FETTERS AND CHAINS THE YOUNG
LACONIAN MINNOWS.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

THESE DID PAPHLAGON DARE IN A MOMENT OF DRUNKEN
BRAVADO.
WHY THINK MUCH OF THE DEED, CECROPIDES FOOLISH IN
COUNSEL ?
WEIGHT A WOMAN WILL BEAR, IF A MAN IMPOSE IT
UPON HER,
FIGHT SHE WON'T AND SHE CAN'T · IN FIGHTING SHE'S
ALWAYS A FRIGHT IN.

PAPHLAGON.

NAY, BUT REMEMBER THE WORD, HOW PYLUS, HE SAID,
BEFORE PYLUS;
PYLUS THERE IS BEFORE PYLUS.

DEMUS.

What mean you by that "before Pylus" ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Truly your pile of baths will he capture before you can
take them.

1060

DEMUS.

O dear, then bathless must I go to-day.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Because he has carried off our pile of baths.
But here's an oracle about the fleet;
Your best attention is required to this.

DEMUS.

I'll give it too ; but prithee, first of all,
Read how my sailors are to get their pay.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O AEGEIDES, BEWARE OF THE HOUND-FOX, LEST HE DE-
CEIVE THEE,
STEALTHILY SNAPPING, THE CRAFTY, THE SWIFT, THE
TRICKY MARAUDER.
Know you the meaning of this ?

DEMUS.

Philostratus, plainly, the hound-fox.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Not so ; but Paphlagon is evermore
Asking swift triremes to collect the silver,
So Loxias bids you not to give him these.

1070

DEMUS.

Why is a trireme called a hound-fox ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Why ?

A trireme's fleet ; a hound is also fleet.

DEMUS.

But for what reason adds he "fox" to "hound" ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

The troops, he means, resemble little foxes,
Because they scour the farms and eat the grapes.

DEMUS.

Good.

But where's the cash to pay these little foxes?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

That I'll provide . within three days I'll do it.
LIST THOU FURTHER THE REDE BY THE SON OF LETO
DELIVERED ; 1080
KEEP THOU ALOOF, SAID HE, FROM THE WILES OF HOLLOW
CYLLENE.

DEMUS.

Hollow Cyllene ! what's that ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

'Tis Paphlagon's hand he's describing,
Paphlagon's outstretched hand, with his *Drop me a coin in
the hollow.*

PAPHLAGON.

There this fellow is wrong. When he spake of the hollow
Cyllene,
Phoebus was hinting, I ween, at the hand of the maimed
Diopertes.
Nay, but I've got me, for you, a winged oracular message,
THOU SHALT AN EAGLE BECOME, AND RULE ALL LANDS
AS A MONARCH.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Nay, but I've got me the same'—AND THE RED SEA TOO
 THOU SHALT GOVERN,
 YEA, IN ECBATANA JUDGE, RICH CAKES AS THOU JUDGEST
 DEVOURING.

PAPHLAGON.

Nay, but I dreamed me a dream, and methought the
 Goddess Athene 1090
 Health and wealth was ladling in plentiful streams upon
 Demus.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Nay, but I dreamed one myself; and methought the
 Goddess Athene
 Down from the Citadel stepped, and an owl sat perched
 on her shoulder;
 Then from a bucket she poured ambrosia down upon
 Demus,
 Sweetest of scents upon *you*, upon Paphlagon sourest of
 pickles.

DEMUS.

Good! Good!
 There never *was* a cleverer chap than Glanis
 So now, my friend, I yield myself to you,
 Be you the tutor to my thoughtless—Age.

PAPHLAGON.

Not yet! play wait awhile, and I'll provide 1100
 Your barley-grain, and daily sustenance.

DEMUS.

I can't abide your barley-talk; too often

Have I been duped by you and Thuphanes.

PAPHLAGON.

I'll give you barley-meal, all ready-made.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I'll give you barley-cakes, all ready-baked.
And well-broiled fish. Do nothing else but eat.

DEMUS.

Make haste and do it then, remembering this,
Whichever brings me most titbits to-day,
To him alone I'll give the Pnyx's reins.

PAPHLAGON.

O then I'll run in first.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Not you, but I.

1110

[The rivals run off as before to their respective houses.]

CHORUS

Proud, O Demus, thy sway.
Thee, as Tyrant and King,
All men fear and obey.
Yet, O yet, 'tis a thing
Easy, to lead thee astray.
Empty fawning and praise
Pleased thou art to receive ;
All each orator says
Sure at once to believe ;
Wit thou hast, but 'tis roaming ;
Ne'er we find it its home in.

1120

ARISTOPHANES

DEMUS.

Wit there's none in your hair.
 What, you think me a fool !
 What, you know not I wear,
 Wear my motley by rule !
 Well all day do I fare,
 Nursed and cockered by all ,
 Pleased to fatten and train
 One prime thief in my stall.
 When full gorged with his gain,
 Up that instant I snatch him,
 Strike one blow and dispatch him.

1130

CHORUS.

Art thou really so deep ?
 Is such artfulness thine ?
 Well for all if thou keep
 Firm to this thy design.
 Well for all if, as sheep
 Marked for victims, thou feed
 These thy knaves in the Pnyx,
 Then, if dainties thou need,
 Haste on a victim to fix ;
 Slay the fattest and finest ;
 There's thy meal when thou dinest.

1140

DEMUS.

Ah ! they know not that I
 Watch them plunder and thieve.
 Ah ! *'tis easy*, they cry,
Him to gull and deceive
 Comes MY turn by and by !

Down their gullet, full quick,
Lo, my verdict-tube coils,
Turns them giddy and sick,
Up they vomit their spoils.
Such, with rogues, is my dealing,
'Tis for MYSELF they are stealing.

1150

[The rivals re-issue from their respective houses, each carrying a large hamper which he places before his door. As they approach DEMUS they hustle against each other, and each consigns his opponent to a better world.]

PAPHLAGON.

Go and be blest!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Be blest yourself, you filth.

PAPHLAGON.

O Demus, I've been sitting here prepared
Three ages past, longing to do you good.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And I ten ages, aye twelve ages, aye
A thousand ages, ages, ages, ages.

DEMUS.

And I've been waiting, till I loathe you both,
For thirty thousand ages, ages, ages.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Do—know you what?

DEMUS.

And if I don't, you'll tell me.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Do start us from the signal-post, us two,
All fair, no favour.

DEMUS.

Right you are; move off.

1160

PAPHLAGON and SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Ready!

DEMUS.

Away!

SAUSAGE-SELLER

No "cutting in" allowed.

DEMUS.

Zeus! if I don't, with these two lovers, have
A rare good time, 'tis dainty I must be.

PAPHLAGON.

See, I'm the first to bring you out a chair.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But not a table; I'm the firstlier there.

PAPHLAGON.

Look, here's a jolly little cake I bring,
Cooked from the barley-grain I brought from Pylus

THE KNIGHTS

79

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And here I'm bringing splendid scoops of bread,
Scooped by the Goddess with her ivory hand.

DEMUS.

A mighty finger you must have, dread lady ! 1170

PAPHLAGON.

And here 's pease-porridge, beautiful and brown.
Pallás Pylaemachus it was that stirred it.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O Demus, plain it is the Goddess guards you,
Holding above your head this—soup-tureen.

DEMUS.

Why, think you Athens had survived, unless
She plainly o'er us held her soup-tureen ?

PAPHLAGON.

This slice of fish the Army-frightener sends you.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

This boiled broth-meat the Nobly-fathered gives you,
And this good cut of tripe and guts and paunch.

DEMUS.

And well done she, to recollect the peplus. 1180

PAPHLAGON.

The Terror-crested bids you taste this cake
With roe of fish, that we may row the better.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And now take these.

DEMUS.

Whatever shall I do

With these insides?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

The Goddess sends you these
To serve as planks inside your ships of war.
Plainly she looks with favour on our fleet.
Here, drink this also, mingled three and two.

DEMUS.

Zeus! but it's sweet and bears the three parts well.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Tritogeneia 'twas that three'd and two'd it.

PAPHLAGON.

Accept from me this slice of luscious cake.

1190

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And this whole luscious cake accept from me.

PAPHLAGON.

Ah, you've no hare to give him; that give I.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O me, wherever can I get some hare?
Now for some mountebank device, my soul.

PAPHLAGON.

Yah, see you this, poor Witless?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What care I?
For^t there they are! Yes, there they are coming!

PAPHLAGON.

Who?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Envoys with bags of silver, all for me.

PAPHLAGON

Where? Where?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What's that to you? Let be the strangers.
My' darling Demus, take the hare I bring

PAPHLAGON.

You thief, you've given what wasn't yours to give! 1200

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Poseidon, yes; you did the same at Pylus.

DEMUS.

Ha! Ha! what made you think of filching that?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

The thought's Athene's, but the theft was mine.

DEMOSTHENES.

'Twas I that ran the risk!

PAPHLAGON.

'Twas I that cooked it!

G

DEMUS.

Be off: the credit 's his that served it up.

PAPHLAGON.

Unhappy me! I'm over-impudenced.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Why not give judgement, Demus, of us two
Which is the better towards your paunch and you?

DEMUS.

Well, what 's the test will make the audience think
I give my judgement cleverly and well? 1210

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I'll tell you what; steal softly up, and search
My hamper first, then Paphlagon's, and note
What 's in them; then you'll surely judge aright.

DEMUS.

Well, what does *yours* contain?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

See here, it 's empty.

Dear Father mine, I served up all for you

DEMUS.

A Demus-loving hamper, sure enough.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Now come along, and look at Paphlagon's.
Hey! only see!

DEMUS.

Why, here's a store of dainties! -
Wily, here's a splendid cheesecake he put by!
And me he gave the tiniest slice, *so* big. 1220

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And, Demus, that is what he always does,
Gives you the pettiest morsel of his gains,
And keeps by far the largest share himself.

DEMUS.

O miscreant, did you steal and gull me so,
The while I crowned thy pow and gied thee gifties?

PAPHLAGON.

And if I stole 'twas for the public good.

DEMUS.

Off with your crown this instant, and I'll place it
On *him* instead.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Off with it, filth, this instant.

PAPHLAGON.

Not so; a Pythian oracle I've got
Describing him who only can defeat me. 1230

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Describing *ME*, without the slightest doubt.

PAPHLAGON.

Well then I'll test and prove you, to discern
How far you tally with the God's predictions.
And first I ask this question,—when a boy
Tell me the teacher to whose school you went.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Hard knuckles drilled me in the singeing pits.

PAPHLAGON.

How say you? Heavens, the oracle's word strikes home!
Well!
What at the trainer's did you learn to do?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Forswear my thefts, and stare the accuser down.

PAPHLAGON.

Phoebus Apollo! Lycius! what means this?
Tell me what trade you practised when a man.

1240

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I sold my sausages—

PAPHLAGON.

Well?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And sold myself.

PAPHLAGON.

Unhappy me ! I'm done for. *There remains*
One slender hope whereon to anchor yet.
Where did you sell your sausages ? Did you stand
Within the Agora, or beside the Gates ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Beside the Gates, where the salt-fish is sold.

PAPHLAGON.

O me, the oracle has all come true !
Roll in, roll in, this most unhappy man.
O crown, farewell. Unwillingly I leave thee. 1250
Begone, but thee some other will obtain,
A luckier man perchance, but not more—thievish. -

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Hellanian Zeus, the victory-prize is thine !

DEMOSTHENES.

Hail, mighty Victor, nor forget 'twas I
Made you a Man ; and grant this small request,
Make *me* your Phanus, signer of your writs.

DEMUS.

Your name, what is it ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Agoracritus.

An Agora-life I lived, and thrived by wrangling.

DEMUS.

To Agoracritus I commit myself,
And to *his* charge consign this Paphlagon.

1260

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And, Demus, I will always tend you well,
And you shall own there never lived a man
Kinder than I to the Evergaping City.

[DEMUS, the SAUSAGE-SELLER, and DEMOSTHENES
now quit the stage. And the CHORUS commence
a second Parabasis which is said to have been
altogether, or in part, the work of Eupolis.

CHORUS.

O what is a nobler thing,
Beginning or ending a song,
For horsemen who joy in driving
Their fleet-foot coursers along,

Than—Never to launch a lampoon at Lysistratus, scurvy
buffoon;

Or at hearthless Thaumantis to gird, poor starveling, in
lightness of heart;

Who is weeping hot tears at thy shrine, Apollo, in Pytho
divine,

1270

And, clutching thy quiver, implores to be healed of his
poverty's smart!

For lampooning worthless wretches, none should bear the
bard a grudge;

'Tis a sound and wholesome practice, if the case you
rightly judge.

Now if he whose evil-doings I must needs expose to blame
Were himself, a noted person, never had I named the name

Of a man I love and honour. Is there one who knows
not well

Arignotus, prince of harpers? None, believe me, who can tell
How the whitest colour differs from the stirring tune he
plays.

Arignotus has a brother (not a brother in his ways) 1280
Named Ariphraides, a rascal—nay, but that's the fellow's
whim—

Not an ordinary rascal, or I had not noticed him.
Not a thorough rascal merely, he's invented something
more,

Novel forms of self-pollution, bestial tricks unknown before.
Yea, to nameless filth and horrors does the loathsome
wretch descend,

Works the work of Polymnestus, calls Oeonichus his friend.
Whoso loathes not such a monster never shall be friend
of mine,

Never from the selfsame goblet quaff, with us, the rosy
wine.

And oft in the watches of night 1290
My spirit within me is thrilled,
To think of Cleonymus eating
As though he would never be filled.

O whence could the fellow acquire that appetite deadly
and dire?

They say when he grazes with those whose table with
plenty is stored

That they never can get him away from the trencher,
though humbly they pray

*Have mercy, O King, and depart! O spare, we beseech thee,
the bard!*

Recently, 'tis said, our galleys met their prospects to
discuss, 1300

And an old experienced trireme introduced the subject
thus;

*"Have ye heard the news, my sisters? 'tis the talk in every
street,*

*That Hyperbolus the worthless, vapid townsman, would a fleet
Of a hundred lovely galleys lead to Carthage far away."*

Over every prow there mantled deep resentment and
dismay.

Up and spoke a little galley, yet from man's pollution free,
"Save us! such a scurvy fellow never shall be lord of me.

Here I'd liefer rot and moulder, and be eaten up of worms."

*"Nor Nauphante, Nauson's daughter, shall be board on any
terms, 1309*

I, like you, can feel the insult; I'm of pine and timber knit.

*Wherefore, if the measure passes, I propose we sail and sit
Suppliant at the shrine of Theseus, or the Dread Avenging
Powers.*

*He shall ne'er, as our commander, fool it o'er this land of ours.
If he wants a little voyage, let him launch his sale-trays, those
Whereupon he sold his lanterns, steering to the kites and
crows."*

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

O let not a word of ill omen be heard; away with all
proof and citation,

And close for to-day the Law Courts, though they are
the joy and delight of our nation.

At the news which I bring let the theatre ring with
Paeans of loud acclamation.

CHORUS.

O Light of the City, O Helper and friend of the islands
we guard with our fleets,
What news have you got? O tell me for what shall the
sacrifice blaze in our streets? 1320

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Old Demus I've stewed till his youth is renewed, and his
aspect most charming and nice is.

CHORUS.

O where have you left him, and where is he now, you
inventor of wondrous devices?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

He dwells in the City of ancient renown, which the violet
chaplet is wearing.

CHORUS.

O would I could see him! O what is his garb, and what
his demeanour and bearing?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

As when, for his mess-mates, Miltiades bold and just
Aristeides he chose.
But now ye shall see him, for, listen, the bars of the great
Propylaea unclosed.
Shout, shout to behold, as the portals unfold, for Athens
in splendour excelling,
The wondrous, the ancient, the famous in song, where
the noble Demus is dwelling!

CHORUS.

O shining old town of the violet crown, O Athens the
envied, display
The Sovereign of Hellas himself to our gaze, the monarch
of all we survey. 1330

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

See, see where he stands, no vote in his hands, but the
golden cicala his hair in,
All splendid and fragrant with peace and with myrrh, and
the grand old apparel he's wearing!

CHORUS.

Hail, Sovereign of Hellas! with thee we rejoice, right glad
to behold thee again
Enjoying a fate that is worthy the State and the trophy
on Marathon's plain.

DEMUS.

O Agoracritus, my dearest friend,
What good your stewing did me!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Say you so?

Why, if you knew the sort of man you were,
And what you did, you'd reckon me a god.

DEMUS.

What was I like? What did I do? Inform me.

THE KNIGHTS

91

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

First, if a speaker in the Assembly said
O' Demus, I'm your lover, I alone 1340
Care for you, scheme for you, tend and love you well,
I say if any one began like that
You clapped your wings and tossed your horns.

DEMUS.

What, I?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Then in return he cheated you and left.

DEMUS.

O did they treat me so, and I not know it!

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Because, by Zeus, your ears would open wide
And close again, like any parasol.

DEMUS.

Had I so old and witless grown as that?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

And if, by Zeus, two orators proposed, 1350
One to build ships of war, one to increase
Official salaries, the salary man
Would beat the ships-of-war man in a canter
Hallo! why hang your head and shift your ground?

DEMUS.

I am ashamed of all my former faults.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You're not to blame; pray don't imagine that.
 'Twas they who tricked you so. But answer this,
 If any scurvy advocate should say,
Now please remember, justices, ye'll have
No barley, if the prisoner gets off free, 1360
 How would you treat that scurvy advocate?

DEMUS.

I'd tie Hyperbolus about his neck,
 And hurl him down into the Deadman's Pit.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Why, now you are speaking sensibly and well.
 How else, in public business, will you act?

DEMUS.

First, when the sailors from my ships of war
 Come home, I'll pay them all arrears in full.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

For that, full many a well-worn rump will bless you.

DEMUS.

Next, when a hoplite's placed in any list,
 There shall he stay, and not for love or money 1370
 Shall he be shifted to some other list.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

That bit the shield-strap of Cleonymus.

DEMUS.

No beardless boy shall haunt the agora now

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

That's rough on Straton and on Cleisthenes.

DEMUS.

I mean those striplings in the perfume-mart,
Who sit them down and chatter stuff like this,
Sharp fellow, Phaeax, wonderful defence;
Coercive speaker; most conclusive speaker;
Effective, argumentative; incisive;
Superlative against the combative.

1380

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

You're quite derisive of these talkatives.

DEMUS.

I'll make them all give up their politics,
And go a-hunting with their hounds instead.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Then on these terms accept this folding-stool;
And here's a boy to carry it behind you.
No eunuch he !

DEMUS.

O, I shall be once more
A happy Demus as in days gone by.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I think you'll think so when you get the sweet
Thirty-year treaties. Treaties dear, come here.

DEMUS.

Worshipful Zeus ! how beautiful they are. 1390
 Would'nt I like to solemnize them all.
 Whence got you these ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Why, had not Paphlagon
 Bottled them up that you might never see them ?
 Now then I freely give you them to take
 Back to your farms, with you.

DEMUS.

But Paphlagon
 Who wrought all this, how will you punish *him* ?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Not much : this only : he shall ply my trade,
 Sole sausage-seller at the City gates.
 There let him dogs'-meat mix with asses' flesh,
 There let him, tipsy, with the harlots wangle, 1400
 And drink the filthy scouring of the bath.

DEMUS.

A happy thought, and very fit he is
 To brawl with harlots and with bathmen there.
 But you I ask to dinner in the Hall,
 To take the place that scullion held before.
 Put on this frog-green robe and follow me.
 Whilst him they carry out to ply his trade,
 That so the strangers, whom he wronged, may see him.

[*Exeunt omnes. The prostrate form of PAPHLAGON
 is lifted up and carried out.*]

NOTES

P. 4, l. 16. *O that thou said'st, etc.* This is line 345 of the still extant Hippolytus of Euripides.

P. 12, l. 129 This oakum-seller was, the Scholiast informs us, named Eucrates. He is mentioned again, *infra* 254, but nothing more is known of him!

P. 12, l. 132. The sheep-seller is Lysicles, who is said to have married Aspasia after the death of Pericles. He is mentioned again, *infra* 765. The leather-seller is Cleon.

P. 21, l. 271. *If to pass you there he seek.* Reading ταύτην παρέλθῃ for ταύτην γε νικᾷ.

P. 23, l. 291. *You pettytoes* Reading, τοὺς πόδας σου for τὰς ὁδοὺς σου. In these sharp little exchanges of cut and thrust in a system of short verses the rivals generally use metaphors drawn from their respective trades, the one from the tanning business, the other from the business of a pork-butcher.

P. 25, l. 327. *Hippodamus* was the famous Milesian architect who planned and laid out (among other towns) the new Peiræus, and was apparently rewarded with the Athenian citizenship. His son was Archeptolemus who introduced (*infra* 795) the Spartan embassy which came in the preceding summer with offers of peace but was foiled by the violence of Cleon.

P. 26, l. 340. *You never shall.* The Sausage-seller means "You never shall be first." The Chorus take him to mean "You never shall burst."

P. 30, l. 381. The measles, a disease peculiar to swine, is a subcutaneous disease consisting of a multitude of small watery pustules scattered throughout the cellular and adipose tissue; and one of the attendant symptoms is the formation of blackish pustules under the tongue.

P. 30, l. 393. *Ears of corn*. He means the prisoners brought back from Sphacteria.

P. 34, l. 442. *For bribery*. Reading δωροδοκίας φεύξει γραφάς.

P. 34, l. 446. *Sacrilegious race*. He means the illustrious family of the Alcmaeonidae. Cleon had, we may suppose, been one of those who attacked Pericles on the ground of his connection with that family.

P. 34, l. 449. *Byrsine*. The name of Hippias's wife was Myrsine, here changed to Byrsine to connect it with Cleon's tanning trade.

P. 38, l. 511. *The Tornado and Whirlwind*. The words are intended to represent the fierce and destructive energy, the wild and whirling invective, of Cleon.

P. 39, l. 526. *Cratinus*. Of the three Comic Poets here mentioned, Cratinus was the only one still living. Magnes and Crates were both dead. Cratinus, who is said to have been over ninety, was the greatest dramatist of the Old Comedy, after Aristophanes. He was a competitor in this very contest, and although Aristophanes carried off the prize with the "Knights," yet in the following year Cratinus carried off the prize with the "Wine Flagon," defeating the "Clouds" of Aristophanes.

P. 41, l. 566 *Athene's veil*, the embroidered robe which at the Great Panathenaea was borne, like a sail on the mast of a ship, through the streets of Athens to the Erechtheum, the Temple of Athene Polias.

* P. 41, l. 574. *Cleænetus* was the father of Cleon, who had probably put him forward to propose the dinner in the Town Hall, and the precedence in public spectacles granted him after the Sphaæterian success, which he could not himself propose.

P. 42, l. 595 *With our horses*. They are referring to an expedition against Corinth made under the command of Nicias in the preceding autumn. The story is told in the Fourth Book of Thucydides (chaps. 42-5). and the historian mentions that the expedition was accompanied by 200 horsemen who mainly contributed to the victory of the Athenians in the obstinate combat which ensued immediately on their disembarkation upon Corinthian territory.

P. 49, l. 729. The *harvest-garland* was an olive-branch wreathed with wool, wherein were stuck symbols of harvest and vintage, figs, bread-cakes, and vessels containing honey, and oil, and wine. It was borne about in the festival Pyanepsia (at the end of October), and was afterwards hung out over the door of the house.

P. 50, l. 742. *The general*. that is, Demosthenes. Reading τὸν στρατηγὸν ὑποδραμῶν.

P. 50, l. 755. *Gapes for figs*. He is alluding to a favourite amusement of Athenian boys. A fig was tied by its stalk to a string, and either held or thrown up in the air to be caught by the boys in their mouths as it descended.

P. 51, l. 762. The *dolphin* was a dolphin-shaped mass of lead or iron, which was swung up to the yard-arm of a ship, for the purpose of falling upon an enemy's deck with crushing effect. The first thing for the sailors to do was to hoist the dolphin up; and the second was to lay their ship alongside the enemy's so that the weight might project over, and be in a position to be dropped on, the hostile vessel.

P. 51, l. 765. *Salabaccho and Cynna* were two vulgar courtesans. Lysicles was an insignificant demagogue, the sheep-seller of 132 *supra*.

P. 57, l. 847. *Those Pylian shields*. The Spartan shields captured at Sphaëteria were suspended at the Poecile, where they were long afterwards pointed out to Pausanias, covered with pitch to keep them from decay.

P. 61, l. 901. *Pyrrhander*. He means Cleon, who was probably represented as a Pyrrhias, *i.e.*, a yellow-haired slave.

P. 63, l. 944. *Many for a penny*. A placard with these words frequently exhibited over the cheap market stalls. And the speaker having used the words "the Many," which signifies the people, goes on rather needlessly (considering he himself is the people) to add the words of the market placard.

P. 65, l. 969. *The lady Smicythe and her lord*. Smicythes was noted for his effeminate vices; and as his name, in the accusative case, was equally adapted for a man or a woman, the speaker affects to consider him a married woman, and says that the prosecution is to be directed against him and his "husband" or "next friend" without whom a married woman could not be sued.

P. 66, l. 976. *Cleon*. Here and here only throughout the play, is the name of Cleon introduced. And why is it mentioned here? probably for the following reason. We know that little choral odes like this, if they happened to catch the fancy of the town, were likely to come into vogue as popular melodies, *cf. supra* 529; and a song would obviously be made more telling by the introduction of Cleon's actual name. For the same reason the little lyric dialogue *infra* 1111-50 altogether drops the fiction of Demus the house-

holder and Paphlagon the slave, and deals only with the real Athenian People and the real Athenian demagogues.

P. 67, l. 1003. *Bakis* was a well known and highly esteemed seer already mentioned, *supra* 123. Glanis is a mere invention of the Sausage-seller.

P. 68, l. 1013. *That I'm to soar, etc.* This famous oracle was to the following effect:

"O thou fortunate town
Of Athene, the Bringer of spoil,
Much shalt thou see, and much
Shalt thou suffer, and much shalt thou toil,
Then in the clouds thou shalt soar, as an Eagle, for ever
and ever."

P. 68, l. 1017. *The Dog.* Cleon was in the habit of styling himself the watch-dog of the Demus, and the first two oracles brought forward here refer to him in that particular character.

P. 71, l. 1056. *Weight a woman will bear.* This is borrowed, the Scholiast tells us, from the Little Iliad of Lesches. It was said that when Achilles was slain Aias took up the body and bore it back to the Achæan lines, Odysseus following behind and keeping the Trojans at bay. On the contest between these two for the Arms of Achilles, Nestor advised that the opinion of the Trojans should be ascertained as to their respective merits. The deputation sent for that purpose overheard two Trojan girls discussing this very subject. One declared that Aias had shown himself the better man, for it was he, and not Odysseus who lifted and bore away the body of Achilles; but the other replied, by Athene's overruling care, in the words which Aristophanes is here partly borrowing and partly parodying. The application of the saying here appears to be that Democ-

thenes was the MAN, who took all the risk, and arranged and managed the whole affair, whilst Cleon merely carried off—the credit.

P. 71, l. 1059. *Pylus*. There were three towns of this name on the western coast of the Peloponnese. All claimed the honour of being the Pylus of Nestor, and there was a common saying: *There is Pylus before Pylus, and there is yet another Pylus*. It is quoted here to make fun of Cleon's continued reference to the Messenian Pylus.

P. 78, l. 1159 *The signal-post*. Strictly, the line from which the runners started. Here of course it means their respective stations beside Demus, from which they are to run to their respective houses and back.

P. 79, l. 1172 *Pylaemachus*. Literally the *Gate-stormer*. But it is not a real epithet of Athene. It is merely Promachus, the colossal bronze statue of the goddess on the Acropolis, converted into a name which recalls Cleon's everlasting "Pylus." The Πυλαι simply represents Πύλος and has no connection with the Propylaea or any other gate.

P. 79, l. 1180. *Well done she, to recollect the peplos*. But how does the gift of the paunch illustrate her recollection of the peplos? In my opinion the word πέπλος is here used in a double meaning, signifying, of course, as regards the Goddess herself, the splendid robe of which we have already heard, *supra* 566; but as regards the paunch, the *caul* (the *omentum*), the membrane or integument in which it was enveloped. And Demus, seeing the paunch served up in its caul, says *Well done, Athene, not to forget the peplos*.

P. 80, l. 1187. *Three and two*. That is, three parts water and two parts wine.

P. 80, l. 1192. *Hare*. The flesh of no quadruped was more highly esteemed among the ancients than that of the hare; *inter quadrupedes mattya prima lepus*, Martial, xiii, 92. And so here a dish of hare is made the turning-point of the present competition. Paphlagon has got one; the Sausage-seller has not; and he must needs therefore by some means or other obtain possession of Paphlagon's. He affects to see envoys in the distance bringing him bags of money. Paphlagon, keen on the money-bags (*supra* 707), puts down the dish of hare, and runs to intercept the supposed envoys. The Sausage-seller snatches up the dish, and presents it, as his own gift, to Demus.

P. 85, l. 1249. *Roll in, etc.* This line is taken from the Bellerophon of Euripides: the two lines which conclude the speech are a parody of lines 181, 182 of his *Alcestis*. At the close of his speech Paphlagon falls to the ground as dead, and there he lies motionless during the remainder of the Play.

P. 87, l. 1279. There was a proverbial saying, *Any one who knows white or black* meaning *Any one who knows anything*. Aristophanes (or rather, Eupolis) alters this into *Anyone who knows white or martial music*, by way of compliment to the illustrious musician.

P. 87, l. 1286. Polymnestus and Oeonichus were two disreputable Athenians of the day.

P. 88, l. 1302. *Have ye heard the news, etc.* This entire line is said to be taken from the Alcmaeon in *Psophis* of Euripides.

P. 88, l. 1312. *Shrine of Theseus*. The ships are, somehow or other, to sail to an asylum situate not by the seaside, but in the very heart of the town; and there, somehow or other, to sit as suppliants at the inviolable altars,

The Theseum, which enshrined the bones brought by Cimon from Scyrus as those of the national hero, was a well-known asylum for the poor and distressed. But still more venerable was the sanctuary of the Σεμναί (or in other words the Εἰνυες) on the side of the Hill of Areopagus. In the Eumenides of Aeschylus we see these awful beings, under the direction of Athene herself, proceeding from the Court of Areopagus to take possession of their subterranean dwelling-place in the immediate vicinity. The cavern to which they were conducted is the fissure or chasm still visible in the rock of the Areopagus. And the Temple of the Semnae erected over the spot was the most inviolable asylum for all who sought it. And so in Thesm. 224 Mnesilochus, driven to desperation by the cuts inflicted on his cheeks through the awkward shaving of Euripides, protests that he will flee for refuge εἰς τὸ τῶν σεμνῶν Θεῶν.

P 92, l. 1367. *All arrears.* We may perhaps infer from the statements in Thuc. viii 45, that although the pay of a sailor in an Athenian trireme on active service was a drachma a day (Thuc iii 17), he did not receive the entire drachma at once. He was paid only half (three obols) at the time, the other half being retained by the State until the completion of the voyage. For this retention two reasons are given: (1) because, if the sailor received the whole drachma at once, he might be tempted to indulge in dissipation which would unfit him for his duties; and (2) because a sailor would be less likely to desert, if he knew that by so doing he would forfeit the retained moiety of his pay: τὸν προσοφειλόμενον μισθόν, as Thucydides calls it, meaning the pay still due to him *over and above* the moiety already received. Nothing is more probable than

that sailors returning from an expedition would experience great difficulty and delay in obtaining the deferred moiety of their pay, see *supra* 1078, and Demus therefore promises that henceforth it shall be paid them immediately on their putting into port.



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